The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIII. MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1879. NO. 39.

THE WIND AND STREAM.

A brook came stealing from the ground.
You scarcel saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream—
A pretty stream, a placid stream,
A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whisper of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And gaily stooped to kiss the stream—
The pretty stream, the flat.ered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling streams and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream—
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back,
He wanders yet the fields, I deem,
But on its melancholy track
Compla ning went that little stream—
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream
The ever-murmuring, moaning stream.

The Last Sixpence.

I know, mother dear, you would not feel happy if you could not contribute your mite said the pale-faced girl of twenty, pressing into her aged companion's hands the sixpence which constituted all the monetary wealth they possessed. "There's quite enough bread and butter and tea for breakfast in the morning, and if I get up very early, as I mean to do, I shall have finished Mrs. Smith's dress by three o'clock, and she's sure to pay me directly I take it to her."

"But we've no candle or firing in the house."

"Don't you trouble about that; when we come back from church it'll be quite time for hard-working folks like us to go to bed; so that we shan't want a light, and our landlady will lend us a shovelful of coals for to-morrow; so don't say anything more, but take the sixpence and come along, for the church bells have almost ceased."

For a few seconds the aged woman hesitated between her charitable inctinations and solicitude for the orphan girl who called her 'mother;' but, looking earnestly into her companion's face, and finding written there the same desire that predominated within her own breast, she placed the coin in her pocket.

Without a word more on either side, the two females quitted the room they occupied, and proceeded through the narrow streets teeming with human beings to the church, whither the bells had invited them.

To nearly every depth it is said there is a deeper still; but Mrs. Willis and her protege, Lucy Marks, were certainly among the poorest in that very poor district.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange companions, and Alfred Willis, when he quitted England two years previously to seek his fortune in Australia, little dreamt that the comfortable home in which he had left his mother and bethrothed wife would have been so soon broken up, and that by slow but sure degrees they would have sunk to the poverty they now experienced.

From the age of fourteen Lucy had been able to earn her own living, so that when Alfred, after losing nearly all his capital gave up the grocery business he had been deluded into taking, his only anxiety was a provision for his mother. The $2,500 he had left when he was clear of his business he, in a too confiding moment, lent to a man in whom he trusted to the utmost, with directions that the interest therefrom must be paid to his mother; but ere Alfred had reached his journey's end his friend was a bankrupt, and Mrs. Willis was penniless.

Troubles seldom comes singly, so just at this time Lucy was seized with rheumatic fever, and for six months was unable to touch her needle.

They were alone in the world, for Lucy was an orphan, and Mrs. Willis, whilst having no relatives of her own, knew nothing of her late husband's family, who years before had founded a home in another land.

Rapidly their few worldly possessions were disposed of, until at last they were glad to find shelter in the small—the very small—front room they now occupied.

They had heard several times from the much loved Alfred; but owing to the uncertainty of his movements they had not been able to reply, so that he knew nothing of the misfortunes that had befallen them. His last letter was a bright, cheerful epistle, full of hope, announcing that he was now far better circumstanced than when he left England; that he intended returning home by the Juno, the next steamer leaving Melbourne.

To crown their sorrows, a month before his expected return news came that the Juno had foundered in mid-ocean—some dozen men, among whom Alfred Willis was not included, alone surviving to tell the sad tale.

What a sweet relief was it to enter the portal of God's house, and leave behind them the crowded streets and the mob of listless loiterers and frivolous pleasure-seekers! Outside all was noise, bustle and confusion; within, a peaceful calm, broken only by the silvery tones of the aged minister, as in simple earnest language he pleaded a cause very dear to his heart.

The Sunday service was the one relaxation Mrs. Willis and her adopted enjoyed; wet or fine they were never absent; and on occasions such as the present, when relief for certain purposes in connection with their religion was asked for, the plate was never handed to them in vain. Never, however, in their recent experiences of poverty had their circumstances been so low as now. Lucy for the past month had been unable to perform her usual quantity of work, so that the wage-fund upon which the two women solely relied had diminished to a corresponding extent, until their sole remaining coin was the sixpence the disposal of which formed the subject of discussion ere they left home.

The vicar was well acquainted with the resources of his congregation, and knew they could not contribute much to the cause he pleaded; but, as he remarked, they might at least give a portion to God's service and that the widow's mite tendered willingly was dearer in His sight than the gold grudgingly contributed by the wealthy. But even at this appeal, when Mrs. Willis observed the hectic flush upon Lucy's cheek, and noted how the exertion of even walking to the church told upon her, she felt half inclined to harden her heart in favor of her young companion, and to keep the last sixpence in her pocket. But Lucy read Mrs. Willis's thought, and whispering in her ear the words "God will provide," the money was given up in a trice, and the old lady's heart leaped for joy at the self sacrifice which had been accomplished.

"Now, mother," said Lucy, when they got within sight of their abode, "we wont sit up in the dark talking, so as to lose the glow our walk has produced, but go straight to bed, as I must be up early."

Lounging against the door-post, with his hands in his pockets, and surveying the outer world as well as he could through clouds of tobacco smoke he was diffusing, was the person Mrs. Willis and Lucy owned as their landlord.

"There's a gen'elman been here asking for you," he observed to Mrs. Willis, with a tug at his pipe at almost every word, "and said how he wanted you partic'ler. You see what you lose by going to church. He left a note, I think for you upstairs. I didn't speak to him myself, but my old 'oman did, and if you want to see her you'll find her at the Red Lion, in the jug-bar."

As neither Mrs, Willis nor Lucy had any wish to seek their landlady in such a place, they borrowed a candle from a lodger, who was not quite so badly off as themselves, in order to read the note said to have been left in their room.

"I'm afraid it's from Mrs. Smith, mother," said Lucy. "If so, it's a blowing up, for I told her I'd make an effort to have her dress done for her by last night, and, as you know, I did my best."

If the room in which they lived looked uninviting in the day-time it appeared far more dismal when viewed by the depress-light of a tallow candle. But the residents were pretty well used to the aspect of the place, and therefore devoted their attention to the note directly. The flickering flame revealed it lying upon the table. Lucy held the candle and took the note; but no sooner did her eyes rest upon it than she turned to an ashy paleness, and leant against her companion for support.

"Mother, mother!" she gasped, "I cannot trust my eyes. Read, read—and quickly!"

Mrs. Willis seized the slip of paper, but her eyes saw the same handwriting and the same words as Lucy:

"Don't go to bed until you've seen

ALFRED."

Without a word the two women wound their arms around each other, and wept tears of silent joy; for unless some villianous trick had been practiced upon them, he who had for years been the cherished darling of their hearts had been given back to them once more.

Ay, and was in the room even now as he quickly let them know, when he thought their agitation had somewhat abated, and that he could safely emerge from the hiding place he had sought beneath the bed. Hearing from the residents of the house in which he left his mother and his betrothed that they deemed him dead, and fearing the effect his sudden appearance might have upon them, he had left the note within their sight, in order to announce the fact of his existence as gently as he could; whilst the frequent visits made to the Red Lion by their landlord and landlady gave him opportunity for secretly returning to the house, and seeking a hiding place where he could watch the effect of his ruse.

The compassionate fellow-lodger who had lent Lucy the candle waited a long time ere it was returned; indeed, as a matter of fact, that particular illuminating medium was not returned at all, for it had nearly burnt itself out ere any one remembered that it had been borrowed; but really there was every excuse, for Alfred had so much to tell: How at first he had been unfortunate in Australia; how, in a fit of desperation, he had resolved to try the diggins, and was wonderfully successful, getting in less than six months some nuggets that realized him $10,000; how he resolved not to take his money with him on board the Juno, but have it sent over on some future occasion; how, when the steamer foundered he had managed to secure himself to a broken spar and after forty-eight hours' exposure had been picked up by a passing vessel; and finally, the difficulty he had had in finding his mother and betrothed in their new abode.

Then, with tears in their eyes and a smile upon their lips, they told him of the disposal of their last sixpence, and of their confiding trust in Him who, after a night of sorrow, sendeth joy in the morning. And truly their sorrow had passed away even as a tale that is told.

Recovering Lost Timber.

That timber in considerable quantity and of substantial value is daily found floating on the surface of the St. Lawrence river is well known, but that large deposits of timber lie sunken at the bottom of the river at various points adjacent to Montreal is a fact that will by no means be so readily credited. Such, nevertheless, is the case, and daily the timber is brought to the surface by gangs of inhabitants and others, who sell it to dealers. The bottom of Longueuil bay, near the shore, would appear to be literally covered with timber, and during the past few months a number of men in canoes, and provided with chains and grappling hooks, have been busily engaged in bringing up the logs, floating them ashore, where they are hauled away by horses and piled for sale. The timber consists almost entirely of white oak and walnut. It has been estimated that most of it has been in the river at least from thirty to forty years, and has formed portions of the numerous timber rafts that, in transit from the West to Quebec, have been wrecked or damaged in or above the Lachine Rapids. The length of time it would require even so dense a wood as white oak to become sufficiently soaked with water as to sink to the bottom of the river and cause it there to lie as a stone, warrants the belief that it has been there at least during the period named. Our informant states that the timber is in a perfect state of preservation, the action of the water or insects having in no way impaired its texture or affected its value. Some of the logs brought up at Longueuil are two feet in diameter and from thirty to sixty feet in length. They command, when delivered in Montreal, from thirty to thirty-five cents per foot. Timber bees of similar character are stated to exist at many points along the river below the city, where logs like that of Longueuil occur; indeed, it is difficult to know the number or extent of layers of valuable wood resting on the bottom of the noble water highway that flows past that city, and which a short time only may develop.

Mules in Mines.

Colliery mules sometimes live many years without seeing daylight, as they are only taken out of the mines when work is entirely suspended. The mules are used in hauling cars of coal from the various parts of the mine to the foot or slope of the shaft from where it is hoisted to the surface by steam. The mules go to work with the miners and continue until evening. They are stabled in the mine and are carefully attended to. Strange to say, coats of mules working in collieres are singularly smooth or glossy—and miners attribute it to the coal dust that settles on the hair and polishes it. The lead mule in a team always carries a miner's lamp attached to his collar; but miners say that the lamp is unnecessary as the mules never get off the track in the dark. In some places where it is not convenient to haul the cars mules are trained to push them, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen of the animals working in that way. In pushing cars the mule is provided with a heavy breast-pad instead of the ordinary harness. The ample time the mules have for reflection does not however, seem to improve their dispositions, as every mining report contains accounts of men and boys who have been kicked to death or severely injured by them. Owing to the constant teasing of the driver boys, mules occasionally become so savage that they cannot be approached.

How Adams Handled a Musket.

In 1777, John Adams was appointed commissioner to France, to take the place of Silas Deane, and embarked on board the Boston frigate. In the course of the voyage, the commander of the Boston saw a sail, which carried the flag of the enemy, and the temptation to engage with her was so strong, that, although contrary to his orders, which were limited to carrying Mr. Adams to France, he determined, if possible, to capture her. Having obtained the permission of the commissioner, he made sail in chase; and when coming up with the enemy, he represented the danger of remaining on deck, and insisted upon Mr. Adams' retiring below, out of gun shot. Having seen his charge safely deposited with the surgeon, the captain returned to the deck; the courses were clewed up, all hands beat to quarters, bulkheads down, decks sanded, matches lit, and the fight begun. In the midst of it, the captain saw, to his surprise, that Mr. Adams had escaped his confinement below, and, with musket in hand, was doing the duty of a marine with great dexterity and composure. He immediately went to him and said, "My duty, sir, is to carry you unhurt to France, and as you are unwilling to go under hatches of your own accord, it is my duty to put you there;" and seizing the future President of the republic in his arms, he had him conveyed to place of safely, and took measures to keep him there, which were effectual.

Genius is sometimes arrogant; knowledge is always diffident.

A Professor's Quickness of Retort.

Dr. B——, who was for many years associated with the University of Virginia, was noted for his quickness of retort and some of his repartees, which are fading out of contemporary memory, are worthy of preservation.

Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him.

"How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder.

"My name is Hull, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "I was looking for the Colonel."

On another occasion, as he was walking, looking intently at something in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him.

The stranger drawing himself up in extreme *hauteur* said:

"*Why* did you run against me?"

With equal severity the professor answered in exact imitation of his questioner's tone and manner:

"*For precisely the same* reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good natured laugh.

A gentleman coming into his office, one day said:

"Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot? It is like an oven."

"I must," he answered promptly, "for it is here that I make my bread."

Many years ago this incident was told in one of the magazines, but the point was somewhat missed, as the contributor made it *bake* instead of *make*.

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into the office where one of the firm sat on a high stool, pompously shelfing letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition, but no notice was taken of him. Finally the small business man twisted himself around on his perch, and said in the most supercilious of tones:

"What?"

"That," said the professor, handing the order for the money."

The business was settled without an other word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who for a joke and to rid himself of the nuisance sent him to Dr. B—— with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplication of details to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say. "Just *one* moment, Professor *one* thing more." Finally his hearer's much tired patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said:

"I only want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable."

"My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would confer a lasting favor on the race." The engineer departed.

His Wish.

He stepped into a green grocer's with a vacant, weary, careworn look on his face.

"Do you want some potatoes?"

"I never eat them. I can't remember exactly what I came in for."

"Perhaps you want some coffee?"

"Ain't it funny I can't remember?" remarked the stranger, as he scratched his chin with the back of his hand, and scanned everything behind the counter, in a wild but ineffectual effort to brush up his memory.

"Do you want milk?"

"No, that ain't it."

"Is it macaroni, mustard, chow-chow, soap or wine-jelly?"

"None of them, sir."

"Possibly you want a small measure of beets?"

"Indeed I do not. Then his eyes sparkled and he said:

"I have it now. I remember what I came in for; it all comes back to me like a dream of love."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, it's as plain as day. Wasn't it funny I didn't think of it before?"

"It was rather strange; but what will you have?"

"You won't get mad, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I just stepped in here to ask you if you'll scratch my back a little for me, I have prickle heat."

A Big Jam of Log.

The big jam of 16,000,000 logs, on Carratunk Falls, Maine, is broken at last, 6,000,000 logs going out at once, which was said to have been a grand sight. It took sixty-five men thirteen days to break the jam and get the rear over Carratunk Falls. A portion of the ledge was removed by blasting. Omar Clark had a crew of fifty men in charge from the time the first log started on Moose river, then on the main river, until this time, and not an accident of any kind has happened to a man, not even the jamming of a toe. This makes 85,000,000 logs that have passed down the river this season.

Grinding Tools.

Edge tools are fitted up by grinding. The sharp grit of the grindstone, being harder than the iron or steel, cuts very small channels in the surface of the metal, and the revolving disk carries away all the minute particles that are detached by the grit. If we were to examine the surface of the tool that has just been removed from the grindstone, under the lens of a powerful microscope, it would appear, as it were, like the rough surface of a field which has recently been sacrificed with some implement that had formed alternate ridges and furrows. Hence, as these ridges and furrows run together from both sides at the cutting-edge, the newly-ground edge seems to be formed of a system of minute teeth, rather than to consist of a smooth edge. For this reason a tool is first ground on a coarse stone, so as to wear the surface of the steel away rapidly; then it is polished on a wheel of much finer grit and finally, in order to reduce the serrature as much as possible, a whetstone of the finest grit must be employed. This gives a cutting-edge having the smallest possible serration. A razor, for example, does not have a perfect cutting edge, as one may perceive by viewing it through a microscope. Beginners are sometimes instructed, when grinding edge tools, to have the stone revolve toward the cutting edge, and sometimes from it. When the first grinding is being done it is a matter of indifference whether this is done or not; but when the finishing touches are applied near and at the very edge, a grinder can always complete his task with more accuracy if the periphery of the grindstone revolves toward the cutting edge, as the steel that is worn away will be removed more easily; whereas when a stone runs in the opposite direction, the grinder cannot always tell exactly when the side of the tool is fully ground up to the edge. This is more especially true when the steel has a rather low or soft temper. The stone, when running from the edge will not sweep away every particle of the metal that hangs as a "feather" but when the stone revolves toward the edge, there will be no "feather edge" to deceive the eye of the grinder.

Street Life in Venice.

Venice's great impression is its street life—so brilliant, so highly colored, so unlike that of any other city. The common-place shows of the guide-books are flat and disappointing; the prisons, dungeons, Bridge of Sighs and so forth. The school girl glamour thrown over these places is mainly traceable to Byron's sentimental wash of verse. The unbalanced poet's judgment on the historic events of Venice is about as weak and vicious as his judgment on other matters and his ignorance of fact is appalling. The daily picture of Venice, however, is something of which one never tires and which changes ever with the hour. Gondola life is something deliciously dreamy and luxurious in the soft light of day or under the sheen of moon and starlight. Let dark night come and rain, however, and these long, narrow, deep black boats, seen mysteriously from the faint point of light on their prow take to themselves the likeness of floating coffins steered by the shades. The effect is indescribably sepulchral. You seem to be alone in the waters of Hades among the spirits. The gondolas are all of a funeral black, with black draperies over the dark cabin. Many centuries ago a Venetian law ordered this pattern and color, for what reason I do not know. The laws of Venice do not change, and the gondolas are all black and ghostly to this day. The streets are narrow and blaze with light. Their narrowness—sometimes not over three feet—makes a very little light serve to brilliantly illuminate them, and the jets in the shop windows, kept open till late at night keep them bright and blazing almost without the out-door lamps. Through them the people surge in constant streams—all nations, all classes, all colors. You study the world, but even the Venetians themselves present some strong contrasts, for they in time are made up of the blood of many people. One striking contrast, which you soon note, is that the Venetian men as a body are dark, their women blonde. The sounds, too, are polyglotta, and everything is international. It was my first sight, for instance, of Greek money which I received several times in change.

Tall Fish Stories.

"I was at the wheel," said Mr. Young, of the bark Kentish Tar, "some of the men being ill. It was a bright, clear day, and while I was enjoying the fresh breeze which was blowing at the time I heard some of the forecabin passengers say, 'There is a fish alongside!' Looking out on the starboard side I saw it lying on the water lazily sunning itself. Its eyes were open and its fins were going just enough to keep him it the top of the water. It was about six feet by fourteen, and was the finest specimen of that species of fish any of us had ever seen."

"Six feet by fourteen," said the reporter meditatively, trying to bring all his arithmetical knowledge to bear harmonizing this statement with that contained on the log.

"I could not see it all at once," said Mr. Thatcher, divining the reporter's thoughts, "but as near as I could make out that was about the size of it. I don't think Mr. Young's estimate at all exaggerated."

"I am a good hand with the harpoon," Mr. Young remarked, "and I generally try to keep one on hand. On this occasion, unfortunately, my harpoon was on the main deck, or I could have had the fish on board."

"Anything we could get with the harpoon," interposed Mr. Devlin, his talk beginning to flow as freely as the exciting cause "we gathered in the interest of science or anybody else."

"Any sea serpents?" queried the reporter gently.

"Sea serpents! I should say so," Devlin answered confidently, "I've been all over the world since I first went to sea. I've been in Greenland, but not at all seasons of the year at the same time. I've been round the Cape of Good Hope a good many times. The Niagara saw the biggest sunfish off the Cape that ever I saw or read about."

"When was that?"

"In 1873—in 1869—before the war—when she was taking the Japanese to their own country."

"But the sea serpent?"

"Tell him about the sea serpent, Young," Devlin replied.

"We did see something very like a sea serpent, Mr. Young said. "That was on the 20th, the day before we encountered the sunfish. It appeared on the mizzen crosstrees, and it was probably thirty feet in length. Other gentlemen besides Mr. Devlin saw it."

"It was in sections," Mr. Devlin remarked, impatient over the commonplace description of his friend, "like a tapeworm. I couldn't see it all at once, but each section was—well, let me see ten or fifteen feet long."

"What was its color?"

"Brown or black."

"Are you sure it wasn't the remains of a garbage scow?" sung one of the sailors engaged in cleaning the brass work, *a la* "Pinafore."

"Bring out the bottle of seaweed, Young," cried Devlin, and then turning to the reporter, he said, impressively:—"Remember, I'm a scientific cuss."

The bottle of seaweed was produced. It was really a very beautiful thing of its kind, so beautiful in fact that it would attract general attention and admiration in a cabinet of curiosities. There were ferns and sea berries and minute specimens of shrimps and crabs the size of a pea and a fish in size and shape very like a whiplash. In color it was brown, purple, variegated. It looked more like a snake than a fish.

"What kind of fish is this?" the reporter asked.

"It is like a sucker about the head but its body resembles a gar-fish," Mr. Devlin said.

"And its color is zebra-like," Mr. Young added

The reporter rose to take his leave.

"Before you go," Mr. Devlin said, "let me tell you about the meteor we saw on this voyage. I have seen meteors in the Grecian Archipelago—everywhere—raining down all round the sky, but I never saw one shoot up before."

"That is so," said Mr. Young. It started near the horizon."

"On a line with the mainmast," interrupted Devlin.

"It started near the horizon and seemed to follow the path of the milky way, upward, upward, describing a semicircle in the heavens. I never saw anything more beautiful, and I wish that I could write, so that I might write about it."

"It is something for the astronomers to settle," Devlin answered.

"Goodby," said the reporter.

"Goodby, and be sure you give us a good report," cried a number of voices after him.

He Wouldn't Stop

He slid into the office as if he was greased. We knew the very minute, that he came through the hole that the carpenter had left that there was going to be trouble, and we were not mistaken.

He said that he was related to Adam and Eve, and he looked so, and also as if he hadn't washed himself since his ancestor died. After he had sat down on a chair and placed his feet on the desk, he informed us that he had been all his life collecting conundrums. He had about three hundred in his pocket and would like to read them to us. Then he pulled about a pint and a quart of paper out of his pocket.

"Why is a baby like an oyster?" he began.

We didn't know.

"Neither do I," said he, and then he laughed so loud that the clock stopped.

"Why is a dead baby like half-past six?" was the next one he fired at us.

We told him we didn't know, and guessed he didn't, too, but he said that had fooled us again, for he did.

"Because its almost heaven," said he and the snort that he gave knocked the ink stand off the table and started the clock going again.

"Why is a lamp-wick like a three-dollar and a half bull-terrior pup?" was the next one that reached us.

We didn't know.

Neither do I," said he, and he broke the press with the yell that he gave,"

"By gracious! I ketch you every trip."

"Why am I like China?"

"Because you're near Hades!" we shrieked.

"Fooled you again—you're—"

"No, you didn't," said we; "we guessed that one right."

He insisted that we were wrong, but unless that man's sins were forgiven before he entered our office, we were right.

An American Jockey.

There is no dispute as to who is the best English jockey. His name is Fred Archer, and his record is as follows: In 1878 he won 229 races, out of 619 in which he rode. This was the largest number of races ever won by a jockey in a single season, being in excess of the total attained by Archer in 1877, when he won 218 races, or in 1876, when he was successful 207 times. This year, up to August 1st, he had won 107 races, in a total of 313 mounts—or an average of say one-third. The extraordinary victory of the horse "Falsetto" has revealed the champion jockey of America, who happens to be a colored boy with the decidedly Celtic name of Murphy. The New York *Times* contends that he is quite the equal of Archer, and to prove this assertion give the subjoined sketch: Murphy's riding in the Travers Stakes race, July 18, and in the Kenner Stakes race, August 22, were the two finest exhibitions of skill in the saddle that have been seen in this country in many years. Murphy has a steady hand, a quick eye, a cool head and a bold heart—four qualifications absolutely necessary to the success of every jockey. That he is very observant during the progress of a race, and is quick to perceive the weak points of an adversary, prompt to take advantage of them, was signally illustrated in the run for the Travers Stakes. Asked, soon after the race, why he went up to Harold and Jericho at the half mile, only to fall away again, he replied: "Well, I did not care for Jericho, but, while I thought Spendthrift was the dangerous horse, I wanted to go up to Harold to see how he felt: so I tapped Falsetto with the spur one time, went up to them, felt of Harold, found him sprawling over the course, and saw he was out of the race, I fell back to keep Feakes from thinking I was at all dangerous." He was then asked how he happened to get between Harold and the pole on the turn, "I didn't intend to go on the turn," was his reply; "but when we started toward the stretch, Harold was tired and unsteady, and he leaned away from the pole, and gave me room to go in. I thought it better to run for the position than to have to round him, so I jumped at the chance, and went between him and the rail. I steadied my horse here a moment to compel Harold to cover more ground on the turn, and beat him good, for he was very tired, and just before we got to the stretch I left him and went after Spendthrift." No explanation could be better than that. Murphy has already had thirty-seven mounts this year and has won twenty-five, besides riding a dead heat, and this is a much better average than any English jockey can show.

A Half Breed's Revenge.

Thanks mainly to a Metis or half breed who is in the service of the Hudson Bay company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last installment, he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a space of the writing table, and leveled his musket full at the half breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Metis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away the Indian was amazed to see his enemy still alive. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, then quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed being unpursued; those who would have given chase being stopped by the half breed with,—"Go back to your dinner, and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites curious to see how the affair would end accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom tom. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backward and forward as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on and awaited his fate. Then the half breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueler revenge than if he had shot him dead.

Their Bargain.

"Your folks gone anywhere this summer?" inquired one bootblack of another at the post office.

"Has your'n?" was the evasive reply.

"Say, Jim, what kind of a boy are you?" asked the first, after a long pause.

"Me?" Well, I never give a fellow away."

"Then, if you won't let on that my mother had to stay at home to wash for her regular customers, I won't say anything about your father, who is taking his vacation in the Work House."

They shook hands over it and both will keep mum.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2., 1879.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,...	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	35 00
1 column,...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. C. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Rev. S. Musser will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor,—Communion services at St. Pauls church next Sunday morning.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Landis, Preacher-in-charge.—Preaching next Sunday morning.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—German preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday Sunday afternoon.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 365, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. R. A. Bumiller, Sec. C. W. Hartman, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M. D. L. Emery, Sec. A. G. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month. A. Walter, Sec, B. O. Deininger, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings. F. P. Otto, Sec., J. F. Harter, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,

HON. DANIEL O. BARR,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner—JOHN SHANNON.
Coroner—DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING.

There will be a Mass Meeting of the citizens of Centre County, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 14, '79,

which will be addressed by Hon. WM. A. WALLACE, U. S. Senator, of Clearfield county, Hon. GEO. A. JENKS, of Brookville, and Ex-Gov. ANDREW G. CURTIN, of Bellefonte.

It is hoped there will be a turnout from all parts of the county. All citizens are invited to come and hear the issues now exciting the public mind discussed by honest, able and faithful public men. By order of the Democratic County Committee.

D. F. Fortney,
Chairman.

Fair Democratic Prospects in Pennsylvania.

The campaign in Pennsylvania is a quiet one. We hear of Mr. Barr or Mr. Butler at a county fair now and then; but the State Committees are doing nothing that is visible at this distance, and there have been only two or three meetings at which Speaker Randall and ex-Speaker Grow have appeared for their respective parties.

A quiet campaign has generally been favorable to the Democrats in Pennsylvania. The Republican strength lies in the cities and great manufacturing centres, and is only brought out when the corporations and large employers are aroused by a lively campaign and see that the Republicans on their pay roll vote, and when the Democrats and reformers either stay in the shops or are forced to vote against their honest convictions. Pennsylvania is in reality a Democratic State. The majority against Hoyt, reckoning Greenback-Labor and Democratic votes together, was tremendous. This year there is no excuse or occasion for any division of the opposition vote, and the chances are that Democratic Greenbackers and Labor Reformers, seeing the folly of squandering their power to redress the grievances of which they so justly complain, by adhering to a powerless third party, will be found in the Democratic camp in November. These with the dissatisfied Republicans, who will go with the Democrats on the anti Ring and anti-discrimination issues and in favor of "honest men in office"—a thing which the Republican Convention formally declared it did not desire—ought to put the result beyond doubt.

The fact that there is only one State office to fill—the State Treasurership, which has been so long so shamefully abused by the Ring—is also very helpful to the Democrats. The settlement of the troubles in Philadelphia gives them the fairest field they have seen in many a year.

Pennsylvania, since she ceased to be an October State, has usually been seriously affected by the result in Ohio. But this year even the defeat of Ewing could do no great damage in Pennsylvania. The important issues being of a purely local but extremely vital character, the party would not necessarily be depressed by the most overwhelming disaster in Ohio. Ewing's defeat would be attributed to the financial question, and would not dismay the hard-money party in Pennsylvania, while his election would be rightly accepted as a protest against electoral fraud and radical corruption.

Mr. Hayes.

A Cincinnati newspaper has printed an interview with Mr. Hayes on the prospects of some of the Presidential candidates. He says that Grant is "undoubtedly the ablest General the war produced;" that "he was made General of the Army and twice elected to the Presidential chair;" that since that time he has travelled abroad extensively," and that in the absence of any information from Grant, he, Hayes, thinks the ex President would "much prefer to take some repose, keeping out of politics for the present." Tilden is regarded by Hayes as a man of ability, but the "easiest beaten man the Democrats could nominate." He adds: "There is always a suspicion of trickery hanging about Tilden among those who have been his followers." He recommends the Democratic party to make George H. Pendleton its candidate in 1880, instead of running Tilden again.

This interview derives its sole interest from the fact that a newspaper has thought it worth while to ask Mr. R. B. Hayes for his opinion on politics. He is probably the last man in the United States for whose opinion on any subject anybody cares a picayune. Daniel Pratt's views on philology, Tupper Holland's on fiction, James T. Field's on a question of literary criticism, Talmage's on a theological point, Skipper Dick Thompson on great circle sailing, might, under conceivable circumstances, be interesting, if not edifying. But Hayes' opinions are not even amusing, as the country learned at least two years ago.

Before the election of 1876 the weak and utterly inconsequential character of Hayes' mind was sufficiently described by The Sun. Since Fraud put him into office, nothing that he has said or done fails to agree with the estimate of his mental calibre filed at that time.

Had Mr. Hayes character enough even to respect himself, the insignificant which he holds in his own Administration and the contempt with which he is treated by the leaders of the Republican party at large would constitute an unmerciful punishment for the crime to which he lent himself in 1877. But he is galled neither by a sense of insignificance nor by contemptuous treatment. The self-complacency that goes along with mental and moral obtuseness is his constant shield. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Grant, Blaine or Sherman?

Washington Correspondence Philadelphia Evening Telegraph of Sept. 24th.

A prominent republican politician from Pennsylvania, in conversation, yesterday, in speaking of the prospects of the various leading republicans for the presidential nomination, stated that if the nomination was to be made to-day General Grant would undoubtedly be nominated. The people, it appeared, were for him, but it was a known fact the politicians were arrayed against him. A great deal, he said, would depend upon the action of the democratic congress at its next session as to who would be the candicate. If, he said, it is alleged that an alliance has been formed between Sherman and Blaine, he was of the opinion that they would be able to exercise such control of the machinery for electing the delegates of Pennsylvania as to secure the convention for either of them as against Grant. It is evident from what is transpiring here, that there will be a warm contest in Pennsylvania to secure the delegation in the next national convention. It is understood that this alliance also extends to the southern states, and it is alleged that Secretary Sherman expects to divide the delegation of most of the states in that section with Blaine. It is said his emissaries are hard at work, and favorable reports of their progress are being received daily.—*Patriot.*

In the village of Blackville, South Carolina, a colored Postmaster named Nix was shot, but much more frightened than hurt, on the 16th ult., while spelling out the superscription of the letters in his charge. Whether he was suspected of prying too curiously into the letters of the villiagers does not appear. But the "outrage" will be spread throughout the north and is expected to have great influence on the result of the elections. In the meantime the affair is to be investigated by the post office department. If the author of the deed cannot be punished the best thing would be to close the post office of a village whose inhabitants amuse themselves by gunning for postmasters. They have little need for intercourse with the rest of the world.—*Ex.*

The Biggest Man of All.

"He is the only man in the world to-day who can bring peace to the country."

It is the *Commercial Advertiser* that delivers itself in the above style, and the "only man" spoken of is General Grant.

Any editor that writes thus is simply a fool, and any man who believes such stuff, is yet a greater fool and really to be pitied.

If Grant is the only one who can, bring peace to the country, we don't deserve to have peace.

If we are sunk so low that we must depend on any *one* man to bring us peace, then it is about time that our national existance should be wiped out and our territory annexed to Canada or Mexico.

Is Grant a better or a greater man than he was several years ago? His administration was conspicuous for corruption, ring-rule, speculation, defalcation, general distrust, oppressive taxation and general hard times.

The virtue and intelligence of the people must again be made to prevail against scheming politicians, third-rate statesmen and frauds in high places.

Then we will have not only peace but prosperity as well throughout the land.

Sleep Ending In Death.

The Remarkable Case of Robert Musterma, who Slept for a Week and Died.

Robert Musterman of Flatlands, L. I., who went to sleep on Wednesday a week ago and could not be awakened, died yesterday morning at 2 o'clock. Musterman, who was a native of Germany, and about 29 years of age, was employed by Tax Collector Baisley of Flatlands to do work about the farm. Being extraordinarily strong, he was able to do the work of two ordinary men. Musterman was in the habit of drinking a great deal of strong liquor after his days work. On Wednesday night of last week Musterman retired to bed at ten o'clock. On Thursday morning as he did not arise as usual, Mr. Baisley went to his room to awake him. Musterman had the appearance of a man in a sound sleep, and Mr. Baisley shook him roughly, but could not awake him. Dr. Bowlesby of East New York applied restoratives without effect. On Friday Dr. Ingraham of Flatbush was called, and he, too, was unable to awake Musterman from his Rip VanWinkle like sleep. Dr. Ingraham thougt is was a case of apoplexy, the result of drinking too much strong liquor. He ordered beef tea and nourishing diets to be forced down the sleeping man's throat. No change was noticed in Musterman's condition until Monday. Then his eyes opened for a few minutes and then closed again.

Much interest was taken in this sleeping phenomenon, and Mr. Baisley was bothered with many visitors who came from miles around. Musterman lay in the garret of Mr. Baisley's story-and-a-half house on the Canarsie road. He seemed to sleep calmly, snored loudly, and perspired freely. Before his death he gasped convulsively a few times, but did not awake. He had been sleeping six days and four hours.

A Question of Civil Rights.

Williamsport, Sept. 26. — Some weeks ago the School Board of this city refused to admit colored children indiscriminately into the public schools, in accordance with the opinion of James M. Wood, Solicitor. To-day Nathan Morgan, Abington Harris and James A. Payne, three colored residents, appeared before United States Commissioner B. S. Bentley and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Superintendent Fraseau, Mary P. Brown, a teacher, and the Board of Directors, consisting of twenty-five members, for a violation of the United States laws by unlawfully resisting their execution and refusing admittance of colored children to the schools to the schools in the Ffith ward on account of race. The warrant was served on the accused by a Deputy United States Marshal, who released them at once upon their own recognizance, to appear before the Commissioner on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. This proceedure is intended as a test of the civil rights law and is likely to excite considerable interest here.

Twenty-one States will vote on the 4th of November. They are as follows: Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and Wisconsin.

Some days Col. Bob Ingersoll and his cohorts organized what they are pleased to call the National Liberal party, preliminary to taking part in the Presidential canvass next year. It appears now that there may be six nominees for the Presidency—the Democratic, Republican, Greenback, Prohibitionist, Liberal, and perhaps Workingman. If the people act wisely they will elect the Democratic candidate.

Mr. Hayes is now on a visiting trip in the West and takes much pains to assure people that he is no candidate for re-election. He might as save himself that trouble.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Auman, late of Penn Township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons, knowing themselves indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WILLIAM AUMAN,
6t Administrator.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre County. In the matter of the Estate of Jacob Stover, late of Harris township, said county, deceased.

The undersigned, appointed by the said Court to distribute the fund in the hands of the administrators of the said decedent, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest, for the purpose of performing the duties of his said appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte on Tuesday, the 28th day of October, A. D. 1879 at 10 o'clock A. M.

C M. Bower,
Auditor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—Will be sold at public sale, on the premises and at the late residence of Abraham Reber, dec'd, in Miles twp., on

FRIDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1879,

A No. 1 Farm near Spring Bank, adjoining lands of John Kreamer, S. K. Faust and others containing 163 acres and 143 perches, about 100 acres cleared, the balance well timbered; thereon erected a good Dwelling House, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. The buildings and fences are in good condition, and the land in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the finest and most desirable farms in Brush valley, convenient in all respects and of easy access to the Rail Road. There are two orchards of choice fruit, waterpipes close to door and barn, plenty of lime stone and a lime kiln on the premises.

Also three and three-fourths lots in the town of Madisonburg, thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings; apple orchard and other necessary fruit on premises.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., of said day when terms will be made known.

Thomas Hosterman, } Trustees.
George E. Zehner, }

TRUSTEE'S SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale at the late residence of Elizabeth Holloway, dec'd, in Aaronsburg, Pa., on Saturday, the 4th day of October, A. D. 1879, the following real estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the town of Aaronsburg, bounded and described as follows: On the east by lot of John J. Frank, on the south by strawberry alley, on the west by lot of J. H. Wyle, and on the north by Plum Street, thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Terms of sale: One half of the purchase money upon confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Jacob Holloway, Trustee.

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old home stead of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situate in Penns Valley, midway between Millheim and Spring Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2¾ miles from the rail road, containing in all 180 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland, on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 100 acres, of which 85-40 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.

There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring, is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c., are also on the ground. Altogether it is a very desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further information can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to

Rev. S. Smith.
Buffalo X Roads, Union county, Pa. tf

HIGHEST HONORS
AT THE
Centennial World's Fair, 1876!
THE
SHONINGER ORGANS
PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE
BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to

B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,
97 to 198 CHESTNUT STREET,
New Haven, Conn.

VICTORIOUS!
HIGHEST & BEST AWARD
And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,
MADE BY
A. P. DICKEY,
Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.

Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Oleographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.

FOX'S PATENT
Breech-Loading Shot Gun

Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.
103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

H. T.
HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
Fluid Extract
BUCHU.
PHARMACEUTICAL.
A
SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL
DISEASES
of the
Bladder & Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALLED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Disease,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Complaints.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S
BUCHU
Invigorates the Stomach,

and stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 per Bottle,
Or Six bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

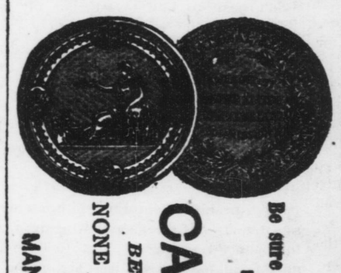
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemis
Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION !!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD
EVERYWHERE.

This space is reserved for J. J. Everett's Advertisement,
BEE HIVE STORE, LOCK HAVEN.



Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the
Taylor & Farley
CABINET ORGAN,
BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.
NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.
NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.
MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Mich.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Labor and Money-Saving Thresher of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats; Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

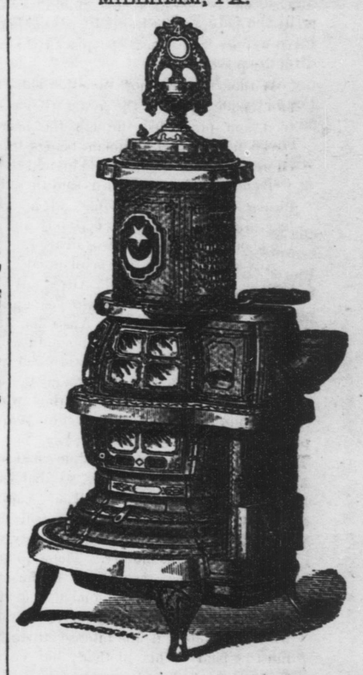
IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

S. D. MUSSER. JAS. C. SMITH
MUSSER & SMITH,
DEALERS IN
Paints and General Hardware.
Corner of Main and Penn Streets,
MILLHEIM, PA.



☞ Special attention is called to the
New Morning Glory Stove
as the finest Base Heater in the market. The public is respectfully invited to call and see this new model stove. Full line of COOK STOVES, IRON, HEAVY and SHELF HARDWARE, PAINTS and OILS. Anything in the line of a first class Hardware store always on hand and sold at the very lowest prices. Call and see before you purchase elsewhere.

MUSSER & SMITH.

THE AVERY BEATS THE WORLD
WONDERFUL INVENTION
ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS
SHUTTLE
LOCK STITCH

LIGHTEST RUNNING SEWING MACHINE EVER MADE

AVOIDING GEARS, COGS, CAMS AND LEVERS AND SUBSTITUTING THEREFORE AN ENTIRELY NEW MECHANICAL PRINCIPAL & MOVEMENT. A RADICAL IMPROVEMENT SEEN AT A GLANCE. GREATLY DESIRED BY ALL. AUTOMATIC, DIRECT & PERFECT ACTION IN EVERY PART. NO FRICTION, NO NOISE, NO WEAR, NO TANTRUMS NOR GETTING OUT OF ORDER. ALWAYS READY TO SEW THE FINEST OR HEAVIEST GOODS, GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION. NO LONG TALK OR ARGUMENT REQUIRED. EVERY MACHINE TELLING ITS OWN STORY. SECURES IMMEDIATE SALES. HENCE THE BEST MACHINE FOR AGENTS TO SELL. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.

AGENTS WANTED
AVERY MFG CO.
812 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1879.

P. C. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. BUMILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—The falling leaves with a variety of tints remind us, that summer has played out for this year, and fall is on top.

—We are gratified to learn that our friend Rev. S. G. Shannon was elected President of the Synod of Central Pennsylvania, at its recent session in New Berlin.

—The Centre and Union County Fairs both opened yesterday. The Bellefonte fair will close on Friday evening while that of Lewisburg will be kept up until Saturday evening.

—In Washington a patent was lately granted for a pocket umbrella. The umbrella is constructed to fold it together, so as to put in any common sized pocket. Next!

—Jack Frost, the grim blood-chiller has made his appearance in his usual cool way, arriving at night so as to furnish a surprise for the people, when they step out-doors in the morning.

—The Lewisburg *Journal* was improved by having a new head put on it. We like this new heading very well and would further assert, that brother Whitman's head must be level, else he wouldn't go in for improvements as he does.

—We call the attention of our readers to the fact that Mrs. A. Maria Weaver, our popular milliner, has received a new and fine stock of fall goods at which she wishes her customers to look, assuring them entire satisfaction in her work.

—THE STYLES.—Mrs. Sallie E. Alexander is now in New York to look after the styles—in other words she went to lay in a big stock of Millinery goods. Wish somebody would buy us a new hat. "A word to the wise &c."

—We are now having one of the driest spells ever known in this section. Even the "oldest inhabitant" hardly remembers such a drouth. One after another of the wells in town are going dry. There is hardly a fresh well on all Penn Street.

—If Providence favors us with a fair day next Saturday (and we hope He will) the Odd Fellows' picnic at Penn Cave will be well attended. From all directions we hear that people are going and the head waters of old historic Penns Creek will be quite lively on that day.

There is room plenty for all who may wish to come. *All are invited and will be welcome.*

—F. P. Musser's new house threatens to "knock the spots" off our contemptible little shanty. It's bad in Pierce to make us mad in just this way but we can and will forgive him this personal wrong. He goes back on the *Landsman* though, and builds him a *French* house, and this we will never forgive. No—never.

—Teachers' examination for Penn township and Millheim borough took place in Millheim on Saturday last. The following persons were examined and received certificates: W. H. B. Eisenhuth, C. C. Ziegler, Mr. Lee, J. M. Gephart, A. J. Long, M. I. Jamison. One applicant was rejected. Some of our directors and quite a number of people attended.

—ODD FELLOWS' PICNIC AT PENN CAVE.—The Odd Fellows, accompanied by the Millheim Cornet Band, will assemble at 7½ o'clock, A. M, sharp at their Hall on Penn Street next Saturday and leave from there for Penn Cave. After arriving on the grounds the bands will discourse a few pieces of music. An address will then be delivered by Rev. S. G. Shannon, which will conclude the exercises of the forenoon. After dinner excursions into the cave will be made, in which the Bands will participate. The Farmers' Mills Cornet Band has also been invited for the occasion.

THE COMMITTEE.

—THE GRANGERS' PICNIC on Nittany Mountain, last Thursday, was the grandest affair of its kind ever yet held in Centre county according to the reports we hear of it, for we had not the pleasure of attending ourself, being prevented by the "press of business." The number of persons present is variously estimated from five thousand up. The entire mountain seemed to be literally filled with people and vehicles. Speeches were made by Leonard Rhone, Esq., and by a lady whose name we did not hear.

Our Granger friends had a most delightful day for their picnic.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE has just received a nice lot of goods that are sold not only as cheap but cheaper than can be bought anywhere in Penns or Brush Valleys. Fine Family Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Paper Boxes, Knitting Cotton, Blank Books, Hymn Books, Java Canvass, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Fine Fans, Velvet Photograph Frames, Chromos, Sunday School Reward Cards, Motto Frames, Mottoes, Games, Paper, Ink, Pens and Pencils in great variety, and many other things that cannot here be stated. CALL AND SEE.

—PERSONAL. Rev. C. F. Deininger and family left on Monday morning—the Rev. going to Chicago, to attend the sessions of the Gen. Conference of the Ev. Association, the family meanwhile to stay at York. It is thought Gen. Conference will have a prolonged session and Mr. D. expects to be absent about a month.

L. R. Zellers, who for some time was employed with Mr. A. Lukenbach, in the Old Mills, left us on Monday morning for Little Neck, Queens county, N. Y.,—about twelve miles from New York city. Levi is one of our best young men and we wish him abundant success.

Our correspondent, C. S., in giving a full and excellent account of the closing exercises of the Rebersburg Select School, gives our young friend, W. H. B. Eisenhuth, a very flattering notice. No doubt Willis fully deserves it.

Mr. A. G. Heckman, of Ohio, a former resident of Penns Valley, is here on a visit to old friends and the old home.

Mr. E. James Stackpole, the local editor of the McVeytown *Journal*, paid our Sanctum a visit on Monday. Mr. S. seems to be a competent, wide awake journalist, well booked in the current events of the day. He is a stranger here but likes our town and valley very much.

—A BUSY PLACE. Musser & Smith's Hardware store is about as busy as a bee-hive. New goods is constantly coming and going. Their spacious store is filled with a fine stock of well-selected goods. They make a specialty of stoves and the large sales in this line proves that they fully understand their business. Success to them.

Important to Voters.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privelege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

CENTRE HALL NEWS.

J. O. Deininger is off to Reading.

Blind Charley did not draw a large crowd, Monday evening.

Mr. T. E. Weidensaul, Mr. Wolf's gentlemanly and efficient clerk, talks of leaving for Laurelton soon. Very sorry you are going.

They are busy day and night making brick at Zerby's brick yard.

Some of our people talk of going to the fair, but there is no enthusiasm about it at all.

One of the largest crowds that ever assembled in Centre county was at the Grangers' picnic, last Thursday. All had a fine time. C.

EXCURSION TRAINS.

A Special or Excursion Train to the Fair Ground will be run on the 2nd & 3rd days of the fair—Thursday and Friday—as follows:

EASTWARD.

Leave Spring Mills at	8.00	A. M.
" Coburn	8.25	"
Arrive Fair Ground	10.25	"
" Lewisburg	10.30	"

WESTWARD.

Leave Lewisburg	4.30	P. M.
" Fair Ground	4.35	"
Arrive Coburn	6.50	"
" Spring Mills	7.10	"

A Special Train will also be run between Lewisburg and the Fair Ground every hour, from 10.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.

Excursion tickets to Fair Ground will be sold from all ticket stations on the L. C. & S. C. R. R., October 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, good for return passage until Oct. 4., inclusive.

No half excursion tickets will be sold, and no excursion tickets at a less rate than 40 cts.

Purchase your tickets before entering the cars, as conductors will only sell excursion tickets from stations where there is no ticket agency.

Helmbold's Medicinal Preparations.

Helmbold's various medicinal preparations have for the last twenty or more years occupied a prominent place on the shelves of every respectable druggist and physician in the land. The skill displayed in their preparation, the invariable promptness and efficiency of their action, the absence of nauseous and disgusting taste or odor, and the attractive manner in which they are put up, have made them universal favorites. Especially is this the case with Helmbold's Buchu, a medicine which has become indispensible in the treatment of a large and troublesome class of diseases, particularly those which affect the digestive and urinary organs. As a diuretic, it is invaluable and the great advantage it possesses over other preparations is the absolute purity of the ingredients, and the uniformity of strength. Parties purchasing should be careful to see that Helmbold's proprietary stamp is affixed to each bottle.

The iron business is wonderfully active all over the country and the wages of iron workers are increased everywhere.

News Miscellaney.

The Williamsport lumber dealers have advanced the price on lumber from two to eight dollars per thousand.

A DEACON TARRED AND FEATHERED.—Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 17. Deacon Griffith, a wealthy farmer and church member of Warren County, seduced a young woman and then drove her out of the county to prevent her appearing against him. A committee of indignant citizens went to his house the other night, coated him with tar and feathers, and were about to apply a fire brand, but his piteous appeals saved him. He was required to give a promise to leave the county within ninety days.

A WHAT-IS-IT?—The people of Berks county are excited over a mysterious animal that has at different times of late been seen in Muhlenburg and Russcombmanor townships, by responsible and reliable parties. The "what-is-it" is described as being about four feet tall, long arms with but two talon-like fingers on each paw; feet without toes, furrows on its head, body smooth and naked, quite yellow, looking as if it had been wallowing in clay. Several gangs of men have made raids on the monster, and when nearing it, the strange animal would dart away towards the forest and was soon lost in the foliage. It was mostly seen in corn fields, and after heavy rains the farmers could plainly see the strange-looking tracks, and at night hear very unusual howls. The people of the neighborhood will spare no efforts in solving the mystery and discovering all there is in it.

A CAMP MEETING BROKEN UP.—Upper Sandusky, O., Sept. 10. The Sanctificationists camp meeting that has been in session here for the past eight days, broke up to-night in a disgraceful row. The whole trouble arose from the action of one of the preachers named Ellis on the last Sabbath. He walked up to a number of persons on the grounds that were smoking, deliberately jerked the cigars from their mouths, trampled the tobacco beneath his feet, and abused the smokers for using the weed. Numerous threats have been made by the insulted parties that the offender would be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. To-night, about 9 o'clock 100 men marched to the Fair grounds broke up the meeting by their yells, and demanded Ellis. Numerous unsuccessful attempts were made by the police to quell the riot, and finally a call was made by some of the more peaceable citizens present to take charge of Ellis and see that he be escorted to his sleeping apartments unmolested. Ellis was saved but the camp meeting was broken up.

A Dialogue in Texas.

James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gaines for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued:

Steele: I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have shown me no justice.

The Judge: Shut up.

Steele: You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I'm going to do it.

The Judge: I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for seven years.

Steele: Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of heaven may descend upon you, and that you will be sunk into the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I will have the pleasure of meeting you at some future time.

The Smallest of Babes.

Weighing Only Eleven Ounces and Three-quarters at Birth.

Mrs. George Fromm of 438 West Fifty-fourth street, is the happy mother of a fully developed boy baby born on Sunday, and weighing eleven ounces and three-quarters. The head of the child, although smaller than a small apple, is covered with an extraordinary growth of light brown hair. The features are regular, the eyes bright and clear, and the skin is fine and delicate. The arms are the thickness of an ordinary little finger, and the fingers are the size of extra large pencil leads. The nails, although not much bigger than a good-sized pinhead, are perfectly formed. An ordinary luncheon basket is an ample cradle for the babe. His height at birth was five inches, and breadth across the shoulders 2½.

Mrs. Fromm is a pleasant-featured German woman, five feet seven inches in height, weighing 135 pounds. Geo. Fromm, the father, weighs 175 pounds. He is an ex-car driver on the Third avenue road, and out of work. They have been married eleven years and have had five other children, all of the ordinary height and weight. Physicians and others who have examined the tiny babe, already named Georgie, say that he is considerably smaller than either of the midgets at the time of birth, and if he lives he will take the palm as the smallest man in the world.

The child is to be baptized two weeks from next Sunday in the German Protestant Episcopal Church, at Forty-third street and Ninth avenue, of which Mrs. Fromm is a member. The father said: "I hope the minister won't let him fall into the font. He'd drown in a beer mug, you know."—*New York* [illegible]

[For the Journal.]

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE REBERSBURG SELECT SCHOOL.—The Commencement exercises, as they may properly be called, of the Rebersburg Select School took place last Friday evening in St. Peter's Lutheran church. The room was filled at an early hour by an expectant audience, whose expressions of approval and pleasure, during the evening and since, declare the entertainment a success.

The exercises were begun by an instrumental solo, "Clayton's Grand March," by Miss Mary A. Hillibish. It was rendered in Miss H.'s usual happy style and needs no comment.

A "Greeting Glee" followed in which the whole school joined; then the invocation by Rev. Wm. M. Landis; and again music—"Beautiful Rain"—by the school. This latter was a fine piece and well sung.

The minds of the audience having been thus soothed by the good music, and put in a condition fit for the reception of ideas, the Salutatory was pronounced by Miss Bella Cronmiller of Aaronsburg. In a clear and pleasant voice and well-chosen language Miss C. welcomed all present and performed the usual duties of the salutatorian.

Miss Hattie T. Lanich of Centre Mills followed with an essay on the "Beauties of Nature," and in the opinion of many illustrated her subject in person.

Music—"The old, old home"—the song by Miss Hillibish, the chorus by a quartette.

Miss Lizzie A. Shafer of Aaronsburg now read an essay on "Change." It was well written; the thought good and the illustrations numerous and pertinent. It was well delivered too, though a louder voice would have been an improvement.

"Fashionable Women" was the subject of the next oration, and the orator W. S. Glenn of Bellefonte. Mr. G. "went for" the follies of fashion without gloves, making frequent use of such adjectives as "wasp-waisted" and "consumptive". We could see the elegantly dressed young ladies nudge each other frequently and make "eyes" at each other. There was much sound sense in what Mr. G. said, though it seems hardly applicable as yet to the fair ones of our valleys, who, as far as we have noticed, are healthy and rosy and suffer very little from tight lacing. Mr. G.'s manner was deliberate, his gestures appropriate, and we should say he has the elements of an effective speaker.

"We shall meet all the little ones there"—a song and chorus was sung by Miss Hillibish and the quartette.

"A Model Man," an essay by Miss Emma L. Ettlinger of Woodward, seemed to be a companion piece to the last oration. The lady had certainly as hard things to say of men as Mr. Glenn had of women. She showed what a model man ought to be, and what kind of men were not model men. Miss E.'s manner showed experience on the stage; her enunciation was distinct and her modulation perfect.

Mr. L. S. Grimm of Madisonburg—whose looks are not at all like his name—now spoke of "Our Busy Life." His matter was full of "quips and cranks" and produced some mirth. Good it was, though some similes, such as "like a flea in a hornet's nest," were hardly suited to the orator's dignity.

Music again arose with its voluptuous swell. "Come where the lilies bloom," a beautiful song, was well sung by the quartette.

The only declamation of the evening was rendered by Miss Josie M. Roush—subject, "Barbara Fritchie." Miss R. entered thoroughly into the spirit of this popular poem of Whittier's and sustained her reputation as a good declaimer.

Miss Ella M. Fleck, of Milesburg next read an essay in which was shown the great difference between "The Past and the Present." She dwelt on the progress made in the arts, in means of travel and inter-communication, in our school-system and in general intelligence. Such contrasts are always instructive.

The usual interlude of music followed—the splendid little voice of Miss Lanich pleading "Tommy, don't go"—and he didn't.

Mr. G. S. Frank spoke on "The Teacher's Reward." This was in many respects the best production of the evening. The subject is a practical one, and it was handled in a very able manner. The teacher's pecuniary reward is poor, and hence the too large number of incompetent teachers—the best having left the profession to engage in a better paying business. But beyond and above the teacher's salary are other rewards—the consciousness of being engaged in a noble calling, the approval of a good conscience, &c. Mr. F. did not waste his time on rhetorical flourishes, or making oratorical flights that end in airy nothings. His speech was to the point; his utterance, though rapid, was distinct, and he was evidently in earnest.

W. H. B. Eisenhuth of Millheim delivered the valedictory, and proved to be the right man in the right place. He spoke of the advantages of our country and Switzerland, where the means of education are open to all, as compared with those of the nations of the past, when such means were restricted to the favored few. He showed clearly how education was as much a *paying* product as the merchants wares. Turning to his fellow-students he spoke of the pleasant associations of school life, and urged them not to lay aside their studies; to take for their motto "Ever onward, step by step." At this point, the oration seeming to be finished, the ushers, anxious to gather the bouquets, rushed up the aisles and were smiled at for their want of perception. Mr. E. had yet to address and say farewell to the teachers and citizens, which he did in fine style.

Music followed—"My Heavenly Home"—by the school; and the benediction by Rev. Landis closed the exercises.

Bouquets were numerous, and prominent among them were the tasty little nose-gays, gotten up by that popular gentleman Dr. Kirk

Everything came off to the satisfaction of all. The performers certainly did credit to themselves and, reflected credit on their teachers, Prof. C. L. Gramley and his assistant T. M. Gramley. It is evident that under the instruction of these gentlemen the students have been engaged not merely in the gathering of dry facts, but in higher cultire as well. The institution has been a blessing to our town, and we know our sister town of Millheim is eaten up with envy because we are ahead of her. We would say to her, "Go thou, and do likewise." Rebersburg, Sept. 29th, 1879. C. S.

[Editors are only too glad to get communications so well written as the above; but—Carl—it is too long. With that protest we publish it.

The banter you throw down to us Millheimers may rest for a while. We are too busy to take it up just now, but will 'tend to you, Carl, some other time, sure. ED.]

MARRIED.

On the 16th ult., at the Reformed parsonage, Jacksonville, by Rev, George P. Hartzell, Mr. Wm. H. Kauffman and Miss Mary A. Miehlay, both of Clinton county, Pa.

On the 18th ult., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Frederick W. Krumrine and Miss Annie M. Garner, both from the vicinity of State College.

DIED.

On the 26th ult., in Mifflinburg, Mrs. Hannah Rank, aged 58 years, 7 months and 19 days.

Deceased was the mother of Mr. John D. Foote, our townsman, and George W. Foote, a former publisher of the JOURNAL.

On the 30th ult., at the residence of her son, Dr. P. T. Musser, at Aaronsburg, Mrs. Catharine Musser, aged 90 years, 7 months and 2 days.

Funeral services will be held in the Aaronsburg Lutheran Church, Thursday, October 2nd, at 10 o'clock. Relations and friends are respect[illegible]

Millheim Market.

Wheat No. 1	1.00
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	40
Rye	45
Oats White	25
Oats, Black	23
Buckwheat	30
Flour	5.00
Bran & Shorts, per ton	15.00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	80
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00
Butter	11
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	3
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	10
Potatoes	
Lard	5
Tallow	5
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	8

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.50
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea "	3.50

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET.

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. Walter, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

Rebersburg, Pa.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

W. J. STRAYER,

Fashionable Barber,

Opposite Stem's Store,

MILLHEIM, PA.

The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHANY STREET.

BOOTS & SHOES.

B. FRANK. KISTER,

has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop,

MAIN STREET,

near Foote's Store,

where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, from men's coarse boots up to ladies cloth top button gaiters, at prices to suit the times. Repairing promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 30-3m

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

GEORGE HOPPES,

Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

DAV. I. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TINWARE, STOVEPIPES AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop, next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt.

MILLHEIM, PA.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN,

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-1y

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.

N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-1y

C. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

ELIAS LOSE,

Doors, Shutters Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

CARPENTER and Builder.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. W. STURGIS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,

LEWISBURG, PA.

Fine Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis' Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

CHEAPER Than Ever!

I have received my Spring & Summer stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

Look at some of my prices

Men's Calfskin Boots, as low as	$2.50
Men's good every day Shoes as low as	1.00
Men's Carpet Slippers, as low as	50 cts.
Ladies' Walking shoes, as low as	1.00
Ladies' Foxed Gaiters	75 cts.
" Leather Slippers	55 "
" Cloth "	30 "
" Gaiters	75 "
Children's Button Shoes	25 cts.

GO TO

KAMP'S

if you want to buy

CHEAP.

Jacob Kamp,

Lock Haven, Pa.

Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment,

CAMPHOR MILK,

is now highly recommended and extensively used for Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, Aches, Pains, Sores Stings, Swellings, Sprains, &c. It is of the greatest value in curing Cuts, Galls, Sprains and swellings in horses.

It acts quickly and surely. It at once smoothes and relieves the Stiff Joints, the Lame Muscles and the Aching Nerves. The money will be paid back to any one not satisfied with its effects. Price 25 cts. 6 bottles for $1.

Prepared only by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

The Phoenix Pectoral,

Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to old persons, consumptiveness and children. It breaks a cold. It stops a cough. It aids expectoration. It gives instant relief. It gives strength. It brings rest. It has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years past and testify to the relief given and cures effected.

Price, 25 cents or 5 bottles for $1.

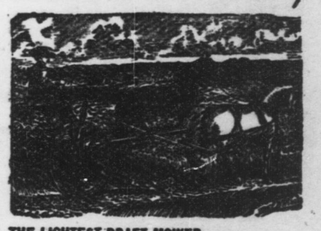
Prepared by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER.

Keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It aids digestion and assimilation. It makes fat, muscle and milk. By using it a horse will do more work and a cow give more milk and be in better spirits and condition. It also keeps poultry healthy and increase the quantity of eggs. It is made by Dr. Levi Oberholtzer at his mills, back of 133 N. Third Street, Phila. It is sold by actual weight, at 15 cts. per pound, by J. W. SNOOK, Millheim, Pa.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS, President of New York Dairyman's Asso.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines. GEORGE W. HOFFMAN, President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect. V. E. PIOLLET, State Grange Lecturer, Wyoz, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. E. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
"	" Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	7 25	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	9 07	a. m.
"	" Lock Haven	9 40	a. m.
"	" Renovo	11 00	a. m.
"	arr. at Erie	7 55	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	8 30	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	2 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	3 55	p. m.
"	" Renovo	5 25	p. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	11 45	a. m.
"	" Harrisburg	3 35	p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	8 40	p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP.	leaves Lock Haven	6 40	a. m.
"	" Jersey Shore	7 15	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	7 55	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	3 15	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Renovo	10 05	a. m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a. m.
"	" Williamsport	12 10	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	4 10	p. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 20	p. m.
ERIE MAIL	leaves Renovo	8 50	p. m.
"	" Lock Haven	10 00	p. m.
"	" Williamsport	11 20	p. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 00	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE	leaves Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
"	arr. at Harrisburg	3 55	a. m.
"	" Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	5. P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 25
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	6. P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 55	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where contracts may be made

Niagara's Depths.

Within the era of civilization in America no one was able to successfully pierce through the fierce and terrible under current at Niagara to the bottom until recently the government itself thought it necessary in behalf of science to undertake the task. All the great schemes imagined to be strictly scientific were put in operation by bunglers to obtain the depth of water beneath the falls. Bars of railroad iron, pails of stones and all unreasonable bulky and awkward instruments were attached to long lines and cast off from the railway bridge and elsewhere, but positively refused to sink. The very bulk of the instruments was sufficient, no matter what their weight, to give the powerful under-current a way to buoy them up upon the surface or near it. The United States Corps of Engineers, however, with a small lead of only twelve pounds weight attached to a slender rope, or sounding cord, easily obtained the depths from the falls to the lower bridge. As your correspondent assisted in the hydrographical operations the facts may be given as they present themselves. One day we launched in a small boat not far below the falls and entered on a most exciting and perilous exploration of the canon. The old guide, long in charge of the minature ferry situated here, accompanied the party. With great difficulty we approached within a short distance of the American falls, which darted great jets of water on us and far out into the stream. The roar was so terrible that no voice or human sound, however near we were to one another, could be heard. The leadsman cast the line which passed rapidly down and told us 83 feet. This was quite near the shores. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had assisted us up so near the falls we shot rapidly down the stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 eet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves to the height of twenty feet. At this point your correspondent, at the time of the survey computed the depth at 210 feet which is accepted as approximately correct.

The terrors of the gorge below this point are known to but few. Indeed the foot of man scarcely ever treads this infernal region where almost perpendicular walls rise on each side of the verge of the river from 270 to 360 feet in height. Here the continual crumbling of the rocks have formed a precipitous pathway in places on the river's edge; elsewhere one must cling to crevices in the rock, to jutting crags or otherwise to get along. A party of four of us made a survey of the interior of this canon from Lewistown to Suspension Bridge, with great difficulty we clambered along. It was a fearful, yet exciting exploration. At times the river would rise suddenly some ten and even fifteen feet as if a great dam above had broken, causing a hasty retreat of the party up the sides of the canon. From points above, rocks and stones frequently fell, causing lively apprehensions and to add to the catalogue of embarrassments, an occasional rattlesnake attempted to retard our progress and one of them was killed and his rattles preserved in commemoration of the event. Getting into the canon at Lewistown was comparatively easy, but making one's way out is another thing. Nearly a mile below Deveaux college, which is situated half a mile north of Suspension Bridge, the possibility of making our way along the river's edge ceased. Night was just approaching and it was a day's hard work, nearly, to make Lewistown. Above, the rocks towered nearly 300 feet. We had the alternative of remaining in this abode of terrors over night and returning to Lewistown the following day, or of fighting an almost impossible passage to the steps leading down from the college. We determined to accept the latter. After an hour's climb we made our way to within 100 feet of the top where just a narrow ridge formed by the crumbled debris seemed to extend. We followed this perhaps a half mile when it came to an abrupt termination. Several rods beyond was a broad pathway leading up to the college, but in the interval only the bare walls of rock, almost perpendicular from the top to the rushing water, 270 feet below, met the despairing gaze of our party. Just above our head was a crevice in the rocks which seemed to cross the intervening space. With almost certain doom staring us directly in the face we determined to try to cross by standing tiptoe in the crevice and climbing to the jutting of the rocks. The various implements of the party were divided up, a heavy theodolite falling to your correspondent, which was strapped on his back. The tallest clambered up to the crevice first, the others assisting and following and the writer getting up last. Then began a terrible struggle to reach the pathway beyond. All arrived there safely when your correspondent with the heavy burden on his back was but midway across. Here a sharp rock just at the height of the breast impeded the way. In attempting to get around this the boot failed to find a resting place The heavy instrument was pulling me off my balance. The fingers were loosing their slender hold one hundred feet above was the calm, safe world, one hundred and seven feet below the roaring of the water. One foot slipped off and was going down, down; a mist came over the eyes when my foot caught on a slender gooseberry bush and a hand suddenly grasped my back and drew me around to a safe standing place. In a moment more the pathway was reached and the safety of all ensured, but never will the frightful scene leave the senses. One of the party saw the participant or else the gooseberry bush was the saving means—I have never quite understood which.

Socialist up to a Certain Point.

I was traveling in a department of the south, after the revolution of February in France. I met one day the mayor of a village, proprietor of a metairie.

"Sir," said he to me, "what do they mean down here at Paris by that word 'communism?' It is some sluggish business, is it not? So, at least, our curate says."

"It is a system of partition," replied I, "invented once on a time by a dreamer."

"What did he dream?"

"That the man who had a million should share it with the commune."

His eyes brightened. "Not a bad dream either," said he.

"But further," I resumed, "that the man who has 100,000 francs should abandon the half to his neighbor."

"Well, he would still have enough with the other half."

"Then, the man who has 50,000 francs should come down to 25,000 francs, through a spirit of fraternity."

The face of the mayor assumed a thoughtful tinge.

"That may still do."

"Lastly, that the man who possesses 25,000 francs——"

"Twenty-five thousand francs," he interrupted, springing up with a bound, "that's the value of my farm; let him who would have a vine stock belonging to it, come and seek it. He will see how I will receive him at the end of my musket."

AGRICULTURE.

INJURIOUS INSECTS.—It is now the season when the insects which prey on fruit trees are most destructive, and require the closest attention. "Eternal vigilance" will be the "price" of successful contention with these tiny foes. The tent caterpillar and the canker worm prey on the foliage of apple and cherry trees. The apple-worm moth lays its eggs in the calyx of the young fruit, and the grub, as soon as it is hatched, cuts its way to the core, causing the fruit to ripen prematurely. In some instances the worm continues in the fruit without causing any apparent damage, and it is only when the apple is being eaten or cut up that the tenant makes its appearance. The Spitzenburg seems to be a particular favorite with this destructive insect, for we find a great deal of this fruit wormy. A great many of the moths may be got rid of by building fires in the orchard at night. They will be attracted by the light, fly into the blaze and be destroyed. Some persons place a lamp in the centre of a tub of water; the light attracts the moths, they fly against the lamp, fall into the water and are drowned. The gooseberry and currant caterpillars begin their work of destruction as soon as the leaves are fully developed. The gooseberry caterpillar is the larva of a species of saw-fly which lays its eggs on the ribs on the back of the leaves, and as soon as the young worms are hatched they commence preying on the leaves, eating their way into them. Their presence may be detected by the appearance of numerous small holes, like pin-holes in the leaf, and, as a whole brood are, in this early stage, confined to one leaf, they can be easily destroyed by picking off the leaf and tramping on it. Bark lice are very injurious to fruit trees, as they find shelter under the bark, through the crevices of which they prey on the sap, and injure the vigor of the trees. They may be destroyed by a wash of whale-oil soapsuds, or a solution of potash. Common soapsuds have been used against them with success. The stems of all fruit trees cannot be too frequently washed, as by this means old dead bark, which affords a hiding place to many noxious insects, will be removed, as well as moss and fungi which absorb the juices and consequently hasten the decay of the tree. The flea-beetle, better known as the black-bug or turnip-fly, is very destructive to the seed leaves of turnips, cabbages, cauliflower, radishes, melons, cucumbers, etc. It is identical, or nearly so, with the turnip-fly, (*Haltica memorium*) of Europe, which commits such depredations on the turnip fields of Great Britain and Ireland, France and Germany. These flea-beetles lie torpid during the winter in heaps of rubbish, under stones, and clefts of the bark of trees, and in chinks of walls. They lay their eggs in the spring, on the leaves of the plants on which they feed, and as soon as they are hatched the young grubs burrow into the leaves, feeding on them, and forming in them little cells, in which they undergo their transformations. Several broods are produced during the summer, so there is a constant succession of these pests all through the season. A solution of lime has been found very useful in preventing the ravages of these insects, but a better plan is the pulverization of the soil, in order to close up all chinks where they can hide, and the application of abundance of well rotted manure, to force the plants into the rough leaves, as, when they reach this stage of growth, the bugs leave them to seek tenderer food, Chickens are very efficient destroyers of these insects.

GARGET.—An inquirer asks attention to the case of a Jersey heifer, which, previously in excellent health, was found one evening with udder badly swollen and quite feverish; refused her feed of meal, and gave only three or four gills of milk instead of the usual liberal mess. Several days treatment with salts, ointment, poultices, etc., reduced swelling, but the milk in the three affected quarters of the udder continues thick and creamy, that from the other teat is as good as ever. She had no water except morning and night on the way to and from pasture, which was good and shaded. Should she be regularly milked from all teats, or dried off, and what is the prospect for her restoration after calving? This is a clear case of garget, and was induced by the use of meal in connection with going without water during the day. Had the meal been omitted, or water been plentifully supplied, the garget would probably not have occurred. It was the pain occasioned by the congestion and swelling which stopped the flow of milk, that occasioned the loss of appetite. As each quarter of the udder is disconnected with the others it is not strange that one or more quarters should be affected and another not. The treatment was well adapted to the case, the effects of which will not be likely to last beyond the next parturition, though such cases sometimes do. There will be no advantage in milking the three quarters any oftener than required to prevent any increase of swelling and inflammation, which must be cautiously guarded against. The milking of the sound teat had better be continued till near the next time of coming in. The meal had better be omitted and some laxative food like bran or roots used in its place, and a full supply of water will be of the first importance. Salt should also be supplied ad libitum. To four parts of salt add one of sulphur and one of unleached wood ashes, if they are at hand, and if not, add a little pulverized saltpetre in their place. The diet and treatment should be such as to counteract any tendency to inflammation or swelling, otherwise suppuration may result, which, when it occurs in such cases, is often impossible to heal.

PROPORTION OF BUTTER AND CHEESE.—It is well for the dairyman to remember these proportions: A quart of average milk which has a specific gravity of 10.20 at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, weighs 2.15 pounds. One hundred quarts of milk are equal to nine pounds of butter, or 21 1-2 pounds of cheese.

HORSE and cow stables may be kept sweet, clear of vermin, and free from noxious odors, by dusting with plaster each day after they are cleaned. It is a good plan, also, to whitewash the ceiling, walls and partition, several times through the season. Plaster and lime can not be put to a better use.

Who Has Not Been Bilious?

Probably no one. Doubtless we have all suffered to some extent the disagreeable sensations which a disordered or languid liver can inflict. Sallowness of the skin, constipation, nausea, vertigo, soreness in the vicinity of the organ affected, a sensation as of congestion in the head, positive headache, a loss of appetite, extreme thirst, a high color of the urine, are among the symptoms which announce a perversion or vitiation of the bile. The remedy of remedies for the above is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, administered by medical men; pronounced pure and wholesome by them, and popular as a comprehensive family medicine, and as a specific preventive and remedy for chills and fever and bilious remittents throughout America, and to a wide extent in foreign countries. Disorders in the stomach and bowels, as well as liver, are speedily remediable with this popular and fun honored medicine.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Sand Blast.—Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a grave stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone. Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, etc., in wax and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast, and the wax will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, and cover with fine lace pass it under the blast and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by lace. Now remove the lace, and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails, it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away, but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding like wax, cotton or fine lace or even the human hand.

The Writing Machine.—The metalograph is the name of an instrument just invented by a Bostonian, and is likely to be of service to writers. It can do things that the electric pen cannot accomplish. Its motive power is compressed air instead of electricity. The instrument is thus described: "It consists of a hardened steel point, which, when in use, is moved up and down, within a metal tube, very rapidly by means of a cam and spring. The cam is on a little metal shaft, which is revolved by a wheel, which is connected by a rubber tube with a pair of bellows under a table, and can be worked by hand or foot. Resting the instrument perpendicularly upon a thin sheet of metal, and setting the bellows in motion, a person may write with it upon the metal, making what appears to be a continuous line, but really a dotted line. The letters made are embossed upon the metal. The sheet of metal is then to be placed in a small press and covered by a suitable piece of carbon paper, and over that again the paper to be written upon is placed. The press is then set in motion and copies of the writing or composition can be produced very rapidly. No liquid ink, acid or electricity is used. The little machine can be used in manifold writing. The metalograph will also be of service in signing bank checks and other important documents, for it will be impossible to alter or erase signatures made with it.

Specific Gravity Balance.—M. Gannal has recently devised a simple means of determining the specific gravity of liquids. With his densimetre hyhrostatique all calculation is obviated, and the specific gravity is ascertained by simply reading the weight on the balance. This apparatus is made in the form of an olive, so that bubbles of air shall not attach themselves to its sides. The olive of glass or metal has a volume exactly equal to one decimal subdivision of a cubic metre. There are two different methods employed in the practical use of the appatus. (1) We may suspend it on the platform of the balance, and having produced an equilibrium, we plunge it into the liquid; the equilibrium is then destroyed by the loss of weight of the olive, and the number of grams which it is necessary to add to the scale-pan to restore the equilibrium is the exact specific gravity of the liquid. (2) Or the liquid whose specific gravity we desire to ascertain may be put in a glass vessel on one pan of the balance; balance the scale-pans, and then suspend the olive in the liquid by means of a fine thread. The equilibrium is destroyed, and the scale descends on the side on which the olive is suspended, and the weight, which it is necessary to place in the other pan to restore the equilibrium, is equal to the specific gravity of the liquid.

A Wolf Story.

A remarkable wolf story is that told by Mr. Christ. Pahl, of Buffalo township, Iowa. He brought a wolf's skull into the county auditor's office, and said he had prepared it for the zoological cabinet at the academy. He stated that the wolf was captured when a cub, had been raised at his house with a dog and cat, and that these three were as friendly as could be. In fact, the wolf seemed as tame as though he belonged to a tribe of domestic animals, except in one particular. He would devour chickens, and no amount of punishment that would leave him alive could cure him of his love of live poultry. Mr. Pahl had a son ten years of age, between whom and the wolf there was almost constant intimacy and warm friendship. They would wander all about the farm together and frolic every day; but love for the boy had no effect on the wolf's taste for fowls. When the beast's food was brought to him he would scatter it about him, and then lie down with his face resting on his fore-paws feigning sleep. A company of hens would surround him to eat his food; and woe to the biddy that came within reach of his paw. She was devoured in a thrice. There was no help for it. The wolf must be killed, or poultry-raising must end on the farm. So Mr. Pahl fired a charge of lage shot at the wolf, but did no more than wound him in the thick hide of his neck, and he put off for the woods. The farmer and his men followed him two miles before getting another pop at him; then he was shot in a hind leg. He crawled into a thicket, and the hunters thinking he was done for, went home. The very next morning the wolf came to the kitchen door of the farm-house, when the family were at breakfast and scratched for admission. The boy delighted ran out, and boy and wolf had the happiest kind of a time all day. Mr. Pahl resolved to spare the wolf for his boy's sake; but the very next morning the wolf was at his old trap for the chickens, and devoured two roosters, and he was killed instanter. He had grown to nearly the size of a Newfoundland dog.

THE knobbiest part of the house is the door.

DOMESTIC.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—There is a greenness in onions and potatoes that renders them hard to digest For health's sake put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

The only kind of stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour, or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes,

Good flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done, put a skewer into its breast and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

A few dried or preserved cherries with stones out, are the very best things possible to garnish sweet dishes.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard, put them in boiling water ten minutes and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

To make maccaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put in hot water or stewed in milk.

The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking.

Never put a pudding which is to be steamed into anything else than a dry mould.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe on a dry towel.

To brown sugar for sauces or pudding, put the sugar in a perfectly dry sauce pan. If the pan is the least bit wet, the sugar will burn and you will spoil your sauce pan.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Take large, round tomatoes and halve them; place them, the skin down, in a frying-pan in which a small quantity of butter has been previously melted; sprinkle them with salt and pepper, dredge them well with flour; place the pan on a hot part of the fire and let them brown again and so on until they are quite done They lose their acidity and the flavor is superior to stewed tomatoes.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel as many ripe tomatoes as are required; cut into slices and place in a pudding-dish—first a layer of tomatoes, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, then a thick layer of bread crumbs, also seasoned with butter, pepper and salt. Thus alternate the layers until the dish is nearly full, having tomatoes last; cover tightly and bake half an hour, or longer, if the oven be not hot.

FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take bits of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. They are inexpensive and good, and a better way to use dry bread than in puddings.

KISSES OR DROP CAKES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cups of water, one-half teaspoonful soda, two eggs, four and a half or five cups flour; drop them on a tin, and put a lump of sugar in the centre of each.

ALWAYS keep them on hand, as delay increases suffering; and if you feel sickness coming upon you, take a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. They can do you no harm, and may save you from the sick room. Price only 25 cents

LEMON BUTTER.—One and a half cupfuls white sugar, whites of three eggs, yolk of one, grated rind and juice of a lemon and a half, or two small ones; cook over a slow fire 20 minutes, stirring all the while. Very nice for tarts, or to be eaten as preserves.

NEW KETTLES.—To remove iron taste from new kettles, boil a handful of hay in them, and repeat the process if necessary. Hay water is a great sweetner of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with hay water.

POTATO PIE.—Yolks of 6 eggs; 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter; 1 pint of sweet cream; 1 cup fresh milk; 1 cup mashed potatoes, mix potato and butter well; add other ingredients; bake with only an under-crust; frost with the whites of 6 eggs and 6 tablespoons sugar; flavor to suit.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Pare and lay in ice water half an hour; cut lengthwise into slices nearly half an inch thick, and lay in ice water ten minutes longer. Wipe each piece dry with a soft cloth, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. Fry to a delicate brown in sweet lard or butter.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Peel and slice two potatoes and two turnips; chop fine a small piece of cabbage; use a large spoonful of butter; put it all into three pints of cold water, boil slowly two hours.

WE do not puff up everything, but when an article has as much merit a Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) we glad ly praise it, as does every one who ever tried it. Try it once.

SORGHUM CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one of butter, one and a half of sorghum molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sour milk and two eggs. Bake in a moderate oven.

PUFF CAKE.—Three cupfuls of flour, three eggs, two cups of white sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one spoonful of soda.

MATRIMONIES.—Three eggs, well beaten, a little salt, flour enough to mix hard; roll thin as paper, cut into fingers and give them a twist. Fry in hot lard—hotter than for common fried cakes.

THE Strongest Constitution is racked and often ruined by a stubborn attack of Fever and Ague. Yet all danger may be avoided, and the Chills promptly broken up, by resorting to Dr. D. Jayne's Ague Mixture. Sold everywhere.

HUMOROUS.

THE other evening, at a little dinner party, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I like the country," said the young gentleman—"for one reason, because there are no gentry there." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked one of the company. "Oh, those who never do any work, and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah," exclaimed his interlocutor, who was an American, "then we have plenty of gentry in the States; but we don't call them gentry. We call them tramps!"

"LOOK at the little creature!" the friend said. "By Jove, that's the smallest man I ever saw in my life!" "Really!" his companion carelessly rejoined. "Yes, really and truly, too. Do you mean to say you have ever seen a smaller?" said the friend: and he soon had his answer. "My dear fellow, I know a man so small that if he has a pain he can't tell whether he has a sore throat or a stomachache."

SAILOR, bathing off the shore near Cherbourg and with the water up to his chin: "What are these things I feel at the bottom with my feet?" A marine from the shore; "Nothing serious! An inventor is only trying some experiments with torpedoes." The feelings of the aquatic can better be imagined than described.

AT a London book sale a copy of Drew's 'Essay on the Soul's was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, innocently asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell.'

MRS. Partington again. "Poor man!" said the old lady; "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

CHARLEY—"What girl was that you had in tow, last evening, Harry?" Harry (in his dignity)—"What you please to call tow, sir, is what people of culture generally speak of as blonde tresses, sir." Goes off in a huff.

THE weather is very bad in Europe. The following is from the *Parisian:* "George!" "Alfred!" "Why, when did we meet last?" "Let me think; ah, yes, I remember; it was one fine day." "What! so long ago as that?"

A CERTAIN young lady who was a little behindhand in her summer outfit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington, When they gave it up, she told them because she had no little hat-yet.

A DOCTOR to his son: "Johnny, wouldn't you like to be a doctor?" "No, father." "Why not, my son?" "Why, father, I could not even kill a fly."

IS IT POSSIBLE that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.

FATHER (to sleepy boy): "Come, James, you ought to be up with the lark on such a beautiful morning." Matter-of-fact boy: "All right, but how'm I going to get up there."

PHELIM (to tourist who has taken shelter in a leaky shebeen)—"'Dad, and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the sthrames through the roof. Come outside, sorr—it's dryer in the wet!"

EMILY—Although you promised to take me to the Oaks, I find you have been without me. Charles—Well, my dear, I only went to see whether *you* would like it some other year.

WHAT a feeling of relief comes over a woman as she enters a church and discovers that her neighbor's wife has the same feather on her Spring hat that she wore last season.

DOCTORS are to guard human life and bring relief to the sick. So does Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup; it contains nothing injurious and is always reliable, To be had at all drug stores in our city Price 5 cents

"SWARM weather this," as the punster said when he struck out over a tenacre lot, followed by a secret society of hornets that he had fired into with a shotgun.

A BOSTON child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"

DENTISTRY is not new. A four thousand year old mummy has been discovered with a filled tooth and the unpaid bill in his pocket.

WAITER (to flabby-faced man): "Which are you, sir, boiled calves' head or codfish and oyster sauce?"

THE spanked child soon finds who has the upper hand in domestic government.

WHEN does a man smoke a cigar too long? When he smokes it too short.

IF evil be said of thee, and it is true, correct it; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

A SPRING opening—The keyhole of a watch.

Speculation.

Since the creation, it is estimated that 27,000,000,000,000,000 have lived on the earth. This sum divided by 27,864,000, the number of square miles, gives 1,314,512,086 to a square rod, and 5 to a square foot. Suppose a square rod be divided into 11 graves, each grave would contain 100 persons. But this is speculation, and of no benefit to the 1,000,000,000 people that now exist, 500,000,000 of whom are invalids, 33,000,000 dying each year. What they most want are the facts concerning Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, For years his Golden Medical Discovery has been the standard remedy for the cure of all scrofulons, throat, and lung diseases. While for over a quarter of a century, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been unrivaled as a positive cure for catarrh. The testimony of thousands of ladies has been published, certifying that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively cures the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women. For full information, see the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages, price (post-paid), $1.50. Over 100,000 copies sold. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D. Buffalo, N. Y.

Give it a Trial

and you will be astonished. "Anakesis," Dr S. Silsbee's External Pile Remedy, gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for the most obstinate cases of piles. It has made the most wonderful cures of this terrible disorder. 20,000 grateful people that have used it can testify to the same. Samples with full directions sent free to all sufferers on application to "Anakesis" Depot, Box 3946, New York. Sold by all first-class druggists.

Rudeness Rebuked.

A young lady, well known in fashionable circles of Edinburgh, was accustomed to use her eye-glass in the street in a way that often bordered on impertinence. One day she received a stinging rebuke, which made her drop the impudent habit. While walking in the street with several other fashionable ladies, she met a country clergyman of eminence and keen wit, but ungainly in appearance and rough in attire. Putting her glass to the eye, she watched him very intently.

The clergyman was quite equal to the emergency. Walking directly to her, he took her hand and said:

"My dear Marie, how do you do? How are your worthy father and venerable mother? and when did you come to town?"

Overwhelmed with surprise, she said with some alarm, "You are mistaken, sir!"

"What! is it possible," he replied "that you do not know me?"

"Indeed, I do not, sir?"

"Neither do I you," said the minister. "Good morning, madam."

Making a ceremonious bow, he walked away, while her companions laughed at the bold girl for the rebuff she had received. Her eye-glass was never used again to quiz strangers.

HIESKELL'S TETTER OINTMENT will cure sore Eyelids, Sore Nose, Barber's Itch on the face, or Grocers' Itch on the hands. It never fails. 50 cents a box, sent by mail for 60 cents. Johnson, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

IF YOU ARE NERVOUS AND DEPRESSED take HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HIESKELL'S TETTER OINTMENT will cure all scabby or scaly diseases of the skin.

123

Oakland Female Institute,
NORRISTOWN, PA.
WINTER TERM WILL COMMENCE SEPTEMBER 9, 1879. For circulars address
J. GRIER BALSTON, Principal.

DO NOT BEGIN YOUR SINGING CLASSES BEFORE EXAMINING L. O. EMERSON'S NEW BOOK,

THE VOICE OF WORSHIP

While containing a large and valuable collection of Church Music in the form of Tunes and Anthems, it is perfectly fitted for the Singing School and Convention by the large number of Songs, Duets, Glees, &c., and its well made Elementary Course.

Price $9.00 per dozen. Specimen copies mailed for $1.00.

Send for circulars and catalogues, with full list of standard Singing School Books.

The new 50-cent edition of Pinafore (complete) sells finely, and Fatinitza ($2.00), Sorcerer (1.00), Trial by Jury (50 cts.), are in constant demand.

EMERSON'S VOCAL METHOD,

by L. O. Emerson, (1.50) is a valuable new book for Voice Training, containing all the essentials of study, plenty of exercises, and plain explanations, and costing much less than the larger works on the same subject.

Subscribe now for the *Musical Record*, and receive weekly all the news, and plenty of good music, for 2.00 per year.
In Press—WHITE ROBES, a charming new Sunday School Song Book.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
J. E. DITSON & CO. 922 Chestnut St., Phila.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children
The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.
All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ We will furnish on application, estimates for Advertising in the best and largest circulated Newspapers in the United States and Canadas. Our facilities are unsurpassed. We make our Customers' interests our own, and study to please and make their Advertising profitable to them, as thousands who have tried us can testify.
Call or address,
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
37 PARK ROW, New York,
701 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Advertising Agents, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, receive advertisements for publication in any part of the world at lowest rates.
ADVICE as to the most judicious advertising and the best mediums and the manner of doing it.—ESTIMATES for one or more insertions of an advertisement, in any number of papers, forwarded on application.

LANDRETHS' SEEDS
ARE THE BEST
D. LANDRETH & SONS,
21 & 23 South SIXTH St., Philadelphia

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and the Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this journal (naming the paper

SEND FOR A SAMPLE OF
FINE
OOLONG TEA
At 40 Cts. per lb.,
FROM
Thompson Black's Son & Co.,
No. 1613 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
DEALERS IN
Choice Family Groceries
Of Every Description.

THERMOMETERS, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Barometers *At Greatly Reduced Prices.* R. & J. BECK, Manufacturing Opticians, Philadelphia. Send 3 stamps for illustrated Catalogue of 144 pages, and mention this paper.

PURE TEAS. Agents Wanted everywhere to sell to families, hotels and large consumers; largest stock in the country; quality and terms the best. Country storekeepers should call or write THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton Street, N. Y. P. O. Box 486

EXODUS
To the best lands, in the best climate, with the best markets, and on the best terms, along the line of R'y.
3,000,000 ACRES
Mainly in the Famous
RED RIVER VALLEY OF THE NORTH.
On long time, low prices and easy payments.
Pamphlet with full information mailed free. Apply to
D. A. McKINLAY, Land Com'r,
St. P. M. & M. R'y, St. Paul, Minn.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
MORGAN & HEADLY,
Importers of Diamonds
AND
Manufacturers of Spectacles.
613 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.
Illustrated Price List sent to the trade on application.

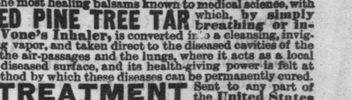
A RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
THE COMPLETE HOME!
By Mrs. JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.
The theme is one upon which the author brings to bear the fruits of years of research, observation and travel, both in this country and the old world. The full-paged colored plates, illustrating *Ancient and Modern Homes* are marvels of elegance and good taste. No work treating this subject in detail has heretofore been offered, and hence Agents will have a clear field. Competent critics pronounce it the great book of the year.
For full description and terms, address the Publishers, J. C. McCURDY & CO., 26 S. SEVENTH St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, READ THIS
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

When Trade is Dull, Judicious Advertising Sharpens It.
HOW TO ADVERTISE. ☞ See PETTENGILL
WHEN TO ADVERTISE. ☞ See PETTENGILL.
WHERE TO ADVERTISE. ☞ See PETTENGILL.
WHOM TO ADVERTISE THROUGH. ☞ See PETTENGILL.
GO TO 37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, and ☞ See PETTENGILL.

GENTS' FINE SHOES SEND POSTAL FOR PRICE List and Instructions for Self-Measurement, to W. F. BARTLETT, 29 South NINTH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPOUND OXYGEN The new cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Diseases, by a revolutionary process.
REMARKABLE CURES have been made, which are attracting the widest attention.
STRONGLY ENDORSED by the Hon. Jupge Kelley, Lieut. T. B. Arthur, Hon. Montgomery Blair, and others who have used this Treatment.
SENT FREE! Brochure (200 pp.) with many testimonials to most remarkable cures. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Phila.



Supertus' celebrated Single Breech-loading Shot-Gun at $15 up. Double-barrel Breech loaders at $21 up. Muzzle and Breech-loading Guns, Rifles and Pistols of most approved English and American makes. All kinds of sporting implements and articles required by sportsmen and gun-makers. COLT'S NEW BREECH-LOADING DOUBLE GUNS at $50 up—the best guns yet made for the price. Prices on application.
JOS. C. GRUBB & CO.,
712 Market St., Philads., Pa.

GOOD ADVERTISING CHEAP.
$10 CASH, with the order, will insert in 161 village newspapers an advertisement occupying one inch space, one time; or six lines two times; or three lines four times.
$20 CASH, in advance, will insert in 350 village newspapers an advertisement of one inch space, one time; or six lines two times; or three lines four times
Address
S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York,
Or, 701 Chestnut St. Phila.
Advertising done in all newspapers in the United States and Canadas at the lowest rates.

THIS NEW
ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup-shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the BALL in the cup PRESSES BACK the INTESTINES JUST AS A PERSON WOULD WITH THE FINGER. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. Eggleston Truss Co., Chicago, Ill.,

CATARRH If neglected, may rapidly develop into quick consumption. Ordinary treatments will not cure it. Its effects are nervous weakness, loss of smell, taste, hearing, and voice, weak eyes, dizziness, faint feelings, matter dropping into the throat, disgusting odors, and *finally consumption and premature death.* For

DEVONE'S INHALER.

CONSUMPTION ASTHMA, HAY FEVER
Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nervous and Catarrhal Headaches, Deafness, Sore Throat, and all diseases of the air-passages and lungs there is no treatment so pleasing, thorough, and certain to cure and give instant relief as
DE VONE'S (Trade Mark.) INHALENE
A compound of the most healing balsams known to medical science, with **CARBOLATED PINE TREE TAR** which, by simply breathing or inhaling from DeVone's Inhaler, is converted into a cleansing, invigorating, and healing vapor, and taken direct to the diseased cavities of the head, and into all the air-passages and the lungs, where it acts as a local application to the diseased surface, and its health-giving power is felt at once. The only method by which these diseases can be permanently cured.
HOME TREATMENT Sent to any part of the United States or Canada, to be returned if not satisfactory. ☞ Also for sale by druggists. Send for circular giving full information, terms, etc. A competent physician always in charge. Advice free on all chronic diseases. State symptoms plainly, and your case will have immediate and careful attention, and free advice by return mail. When writing, name this paper. Address HOME MEDICINE CO., 4 Fifth Ave., Fourth